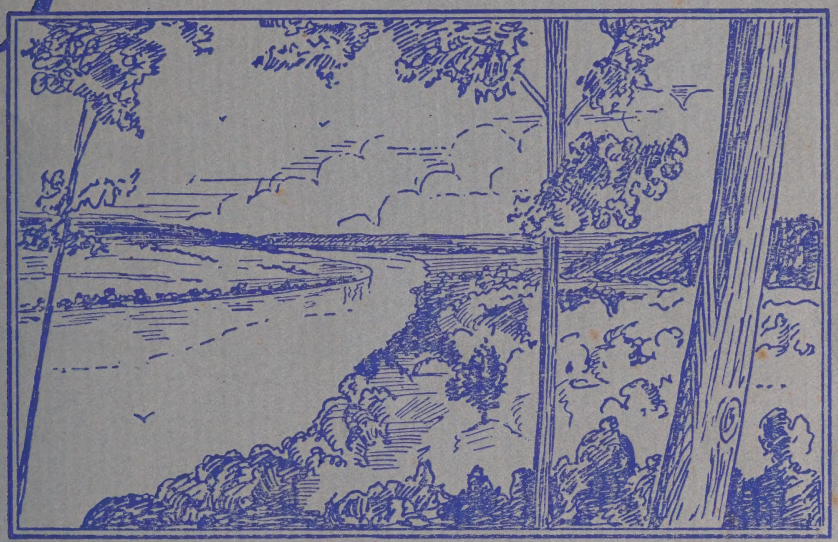
Mrs. Albert Wadsworth

Salt and Peanuts



"Down the Old Ohio River Valley"

Our Favorite Comedy Songs, Hymns and Ballads

Words, Music and Ukelele Chords

50c

Sincerely
Salt and Peanuts

Salt and Peanuts in Person

By NATALIE GIDDINGS

MEET Salt and Peanuts in person!

Step right up and get acquainted with those two radio and vaudeville stars whose comedy songs and tender ballads have come to be classed with the most popular of radio and stage entertainment.

You can really get close to Salt if you want to. Why, he'll even break down and confess that his name is Frank Salt ('though he's just as apt to tell you that his first name's "Epsom." He's funny that way.)

But with Peanuts it's different. Ask Peanuts what her "real name" is, and she'll turn up her saucy little chin at you, and say "Peanuts."

"What does Salt call you then," you ask, trying to slip up on her when she's off her guard.

"Peanuts," she'll answer pertly, and that's as far as you'll get.

"Salt and Peanuts" is their name." Salt and Peanuts" they remain, too, even when they cash their fat salary checks that are always made out to "Salt and Peanuts." It's pretty puzzling to the bankers sometimes, because bankers don't seem to realize that Salt and Peanuts are every bit as good names as Henry Schlogenhauer or Minnie Schmaltz. They're even better names, perhaps, for Salt and Peanuts are names famous whereever radio is heard.

"SALT"

Once upon a time (and not a very long time ago either), Salt lived on a ranch "away out West in Kansas" as he sings in so many songs. Even as a child he sang lustily. It was a ranch house keeper who taught little Frank his first song at the age of three. From then on, as long as he lived on his father's ranch and rode cattle with the rest of the cowboys, he kept on learning western songs and ballads.

He went to the University of Kansas like a good native son. He joined the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity there, and began writing songs just about the same time. When he found out that professors prefer essays and term papers to comedy verses, Salt packed up his ukulele and his 'coon skin coat and headed for New York and Broadway.

There he found that everybody liked comedy songs and yodeling and singing of the kind he loved to do, and that nobody cared a hoot about term papers and essays. He decided then and there that college educations were unnecessary anyway and he stayed on Broadway.

He teamed with a boy named Pepper. As Salt and Pepper they toured all the vaudeville circuits: Keith's, Lowe's, Fox, and Balaban and Katz. To play the Palace Theatre in New York City is the uncontradictable sign that a vaudeville act has "arrived." Salt and Pepper played it twice. They made phonograph records too; hundreds of them.

Broadway shows called Salt and his partner then, and the harmony team played "The Passing Show of 1926," "Gay Paree," which ran on Broadway for a solid half year, "Merry World," and "Passions of 1926." New York City's supper clubs claimed them too; such smart ones as the Yacht Club, the Mont Martre, the Anatole, the Silver Slipper, the Rue de la Paix, and Barney's.

Ultimately Salt broke up the partnership to form his own act. He went into vaudeville again, this time as "Frank Salt and Company," with two girls who sang and danced as the "company." The three together sang harmony, although Salt as "head man" did most of the act which was what the audience demanded.

Just about then is where Peanuts entered the picture. By-the- way I want you to meet "PEANUTS", the little lady of the team. Peanuts hails from Joplin, Missouri, the Gateway to the Ozarks, Land of a million smiles, as it is called, so that is probably where Peanuts got her smile. Peanuts started singing and dancing when just a child, and by the time she was 13 years old she had her own dancing and physicial culture school, and in a short time she had one of the largest schools in the Southwest. But for Peanuts there were larger fields to conquer, leaving Joplin she went to Chicago, where she entered vaudeville as the feature

dancer of a big Revue. Several times she and Salt met while playing the same theatre. After Salt saw Peanuts dance he knew he wanted her in his act.

So after the next show, Salt made a date with Peanuts to talk things over. He knew she was a clever dancer and he wanted to know if she could sing too. She was bashful about singing She didn't want to sing for Salt for fear he "might laugh" at her. Much coaxing over a dinner in a little Italian restaurant finally won her into singing a song with him. The result was good. The tone and quality of her voice blended perfectly with his, which is the prime necessity for a pleasing harmony team.

Three days they rehearsed songs and a new act. Then Salt broke up his original act, paid off the two girls, and took Peanuts into his act as the "company." That third day after they started rehearsing saw them go on the stage as headliners on the Keith vaudeville circuit where they stayed for a year.

Radio called them then. Their first audition landed them a commercial radio contract in New York City and they went on the air using the catchy name of "Salt and Peanuts."

After a season in New York, they pulled out for WLW in Cincinnati where their success was tremendous. Since leaving WLW SALT AND PEANUTS have sung over KDKA, the Pioneer Radio Station at Pittsburgh, Pa., then to KMOX, St. Louis, Mo. WJR, Detroit, Mich. was next, WGY, Schenectady, N. Y. was their next stop, where they originated a program for the Red Net-Work of the NBC Net-Work, a coast to coast network of 44 stations four times weekly. WSM and THE GRAND OLE OPRY called them next, then WBT contracted for their services at Charlotte, N. C. Salt and Peanuts are now adding new laurels for themselves on WHAS, the station that saved thousands of lives during the last Ohio flood. Letters come to them daily from listeners all over the world. Some of them are addressed only with pictures of a salt-shaker and a sack of peanuts. But the post men all know Salt and Peanuts too, so the letters all reach their destination.

"PEANUTS"

When they make personal appearance in theatres, radio listeners for miles around to go see them. One morning at four o'clook of the day they played an Ohio town, the theatre manager was awakened by a 'phone call.

"I'm sixty miles away and I want to know what time Salt and Peanuts go on the stage this afternoon," said a woman's voice. "I'd like to get my washing done this morning but if it's necessary I'll start driving right now so I'll be sure to get there in time."

At another city, a mother waited at the stage door two hours to meet Salt and Peanuts when they came out of the thetre.

"I'd like to hire you to come to our home to entertain my little boy," she explained. "He was hurt in an auto accident two weeks ago and he's grieving so because he couldn't come to see you today that the doctor says he will have a serious relapse if he doesn't get to see you," she begged. Needless to say, Salt and Peanuts refused to be hired but went to see the little boy and entertained him for more than an hour as he lay in bed.

Entertaining that little sick boy was just the kind of work they like best to do. Their aim in life obviously is to make everyone happy. That's why they have such a perfectly swell time when they're singing comedy songs on the stage or on the air. Their work is hard: long hours of entertaining, rehearsing, and traveling around the country to make theatrical appearances in addition to their many periods on the air. But they smile all the time. Most of the time they sing whether they're working at it or not.

When they can do a good turn for someone, they are all the happier. It isn't any professional "Pollyanna" attitude toward life that they have adopted. It's just that they're both "regular fellers" with hearts of gold, and when they smile at you, they really mean it.

For Our Radio Friends:

This song book has been published to answer the many requests we have had from you for copies of the songs we sing on the air, and for pictures of us to frame.

Like all other entertainers, we feel that our songs are our most valuable possessions. They help us earn our living because they make our act different from others on the air.

Still we appreciate so deeply your interest in us that we have decided to pass on these twenty-six of our favorite comedy songs and ballads. We hope you will learn to sing them with us when you tune in our radio programs. The ukelele chords will help you learn to play your own accompaniments just as we do.

When you whistle or sing one of these songs, just say: "Salt and Peanuts taught it to me." We'll like that. It will make us feel as if we had seen each one of you personally to thank you for the kind way you have received our act both on the air and on the stage.

Cordially yours,
Salt and Peanuts

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What Would You Give in Exchange for Your Soul?

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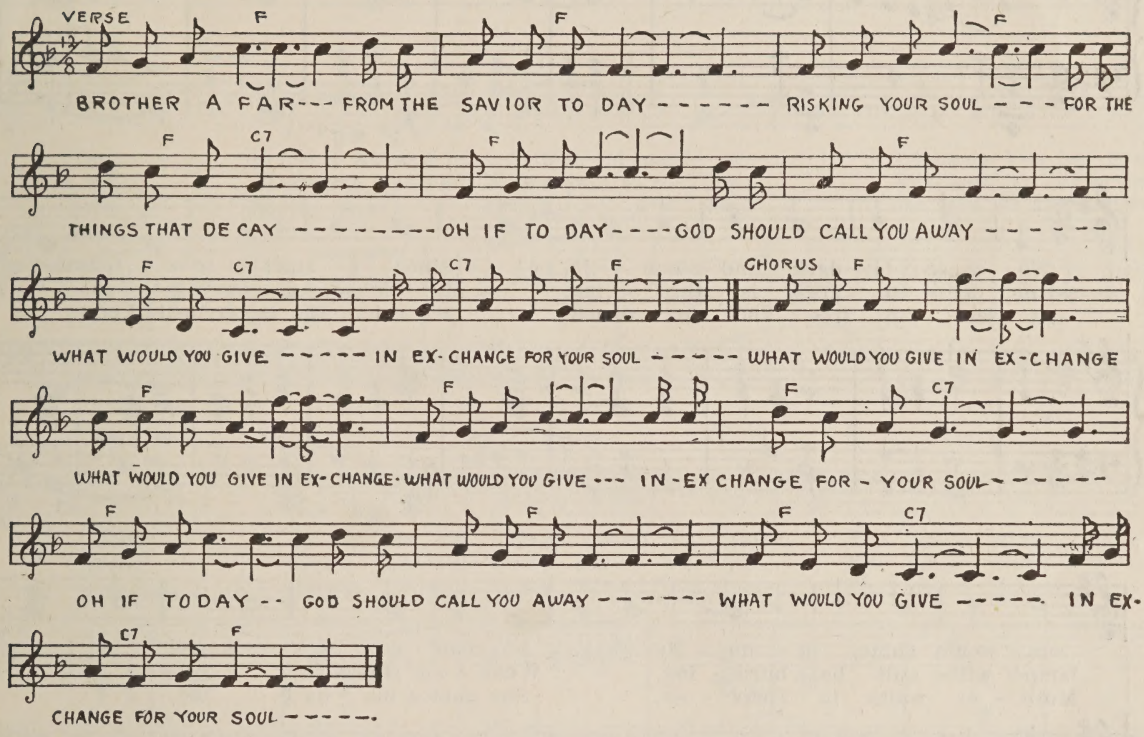

VERSE
BROTHER A FAR--- FROM THE SAVIOR TO DAY ------ RISKING YOUR SOUL --- FOR THE
THINGS THAT DE CAY -------- OH IF TO DAY---GOD SHOULD CALL YOU AWAY ------
CHORUS
WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE ----- IN EX-CHANGE FOR YOUR SOUL ----- WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE IN EX-CHANGE
WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE IN EX-CHANGE-WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE --- IN-EX CHANGE FOR - YOUR SOUL------
OH IF TODAY -- GOD SHOULD CALL YOU AWAY ------ WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE ----- IN EX-
CHANGE FOR YOUR SOUL -----.

Second Verse

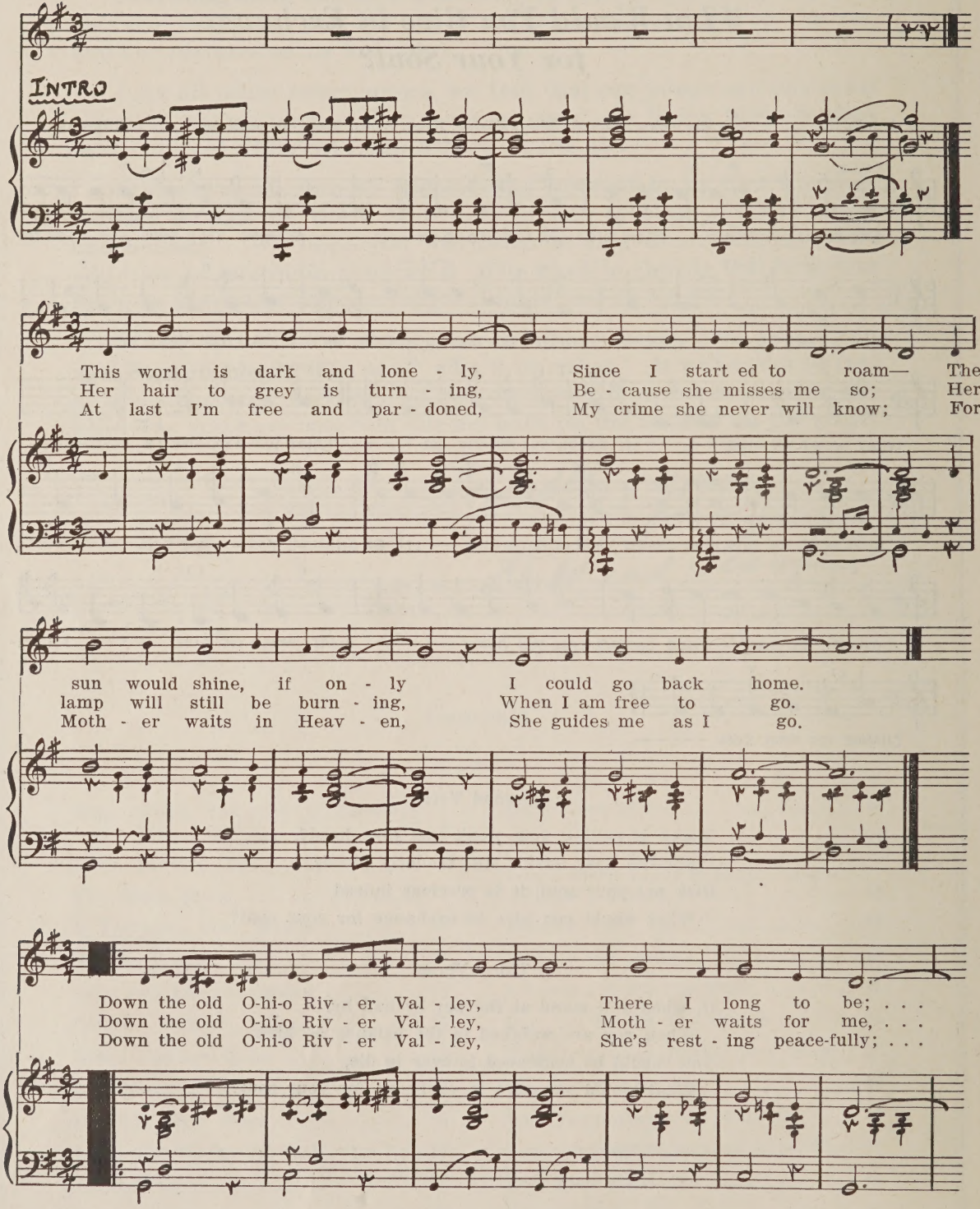
Mercy is calling you, won't you give heed?
For the dear Savior still tenderly pleads,
Risk not your soul, it is precious indeed,
What would you give in exchange for your soul?

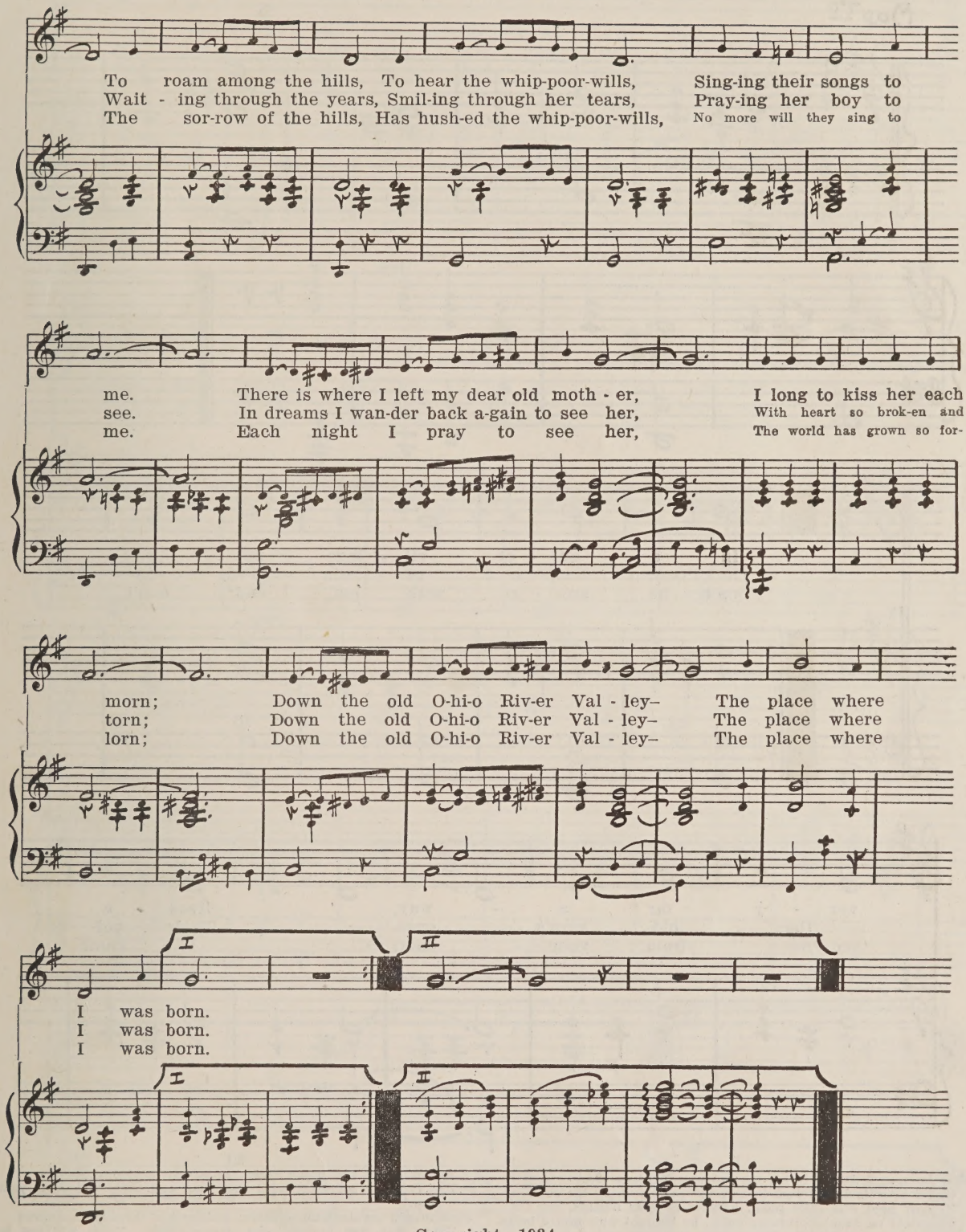
Third Verse

If, when you stand at the bar by and by,
When you are weighed in the balance on high,
You should be sentenced forever to die,
What would you give in exchange for your soul?

= DOWN THE OLD OHIO RIVER VALLEY =

SALT and PEANUTS


INTRO
This world is dark and lone - ly, Since I start ed to roam— The
Her hair to grey is turn - ing, Be - cause she misses me so; Her
At last I'm free and par - doned, My crime she never will know; For
sun would shine, if on - ly I could go back home.
lamp will still be burn - ing, When I am free to go.
Moth - er waits in Heav - en, She guides me as I go.
Down the old O-hi-o Riv - er Val - ley, There I long to be; . . .
Down the old O-hi-o Riv - er Val - ley, Moth - er waits for me, . . .
Down the old O-hi-o Riv - er Val - ley, She's rest - ing peace-fully; . . .


To roam among the hills, To hear the whip-poor-wills, Sing-ing their songs to
Wait - ing through the years, Smil-ing through her tears, Pray-ing her boy to
The sor-row of the hills, Has hush-ed the whip-poor-wills, No more will they sing to
me. There is where I left my dear old moth - er, I long to kiss her each
see. In dreams I wan-der back a-gain to see her, With heart so brok-en and
me. Each night I pray to see her, The world has grown so for-
morn; Down the old O-hi-o Riv-er Val - ley– The place where
torn; Down the old O-hi-o Riv-er Val - ley– The place where
lorn; Down the old O-hi-o Riv-er Val - ley– The place where
I
II
I was born.
I was born.
I was born.
I
II

Copyright, 1934

PIANO

MOD TO

= THE BLACK SHEEP =

In a qui - et vil - lage not so
They Planned their best to ruin Ted, in
"Don't be ang - ry with me, dad; don't
ver - y far a - way, lives a
the old man's eyes, Their poi-
turn me from your door, I know

II

Year by year fled quickly by, the father now grown old,
Called both Jack and Tom to him and gave them all his gold.
"I only need this little room, a place at your fireside."
One night on Jack's returning home, he brought with him a bride.
The wife began to hate the father more and more each day.
One night he heard the three declare, "The old fool's in our way."
And they agreed to send him to the poorhouse that was near.
Like a flash, of the Black Sheep's words came ringing in his ear;

CHORUS

"Don't be angry with me, dad; don't turn me from your door.
I know that I've been wayward, but I won't be any more.
Give me just another chance, and put me to the test,
You'll find the Black Sheep loves you dad far better than the rest."

III

A wagon drives up to the door. It is the poorhouse man;
The brothers pointed toward their dad and said, "There is your man."
Just then a manly form appears, and pushes through the crowd.
"Stop that, you brutes," the stranger said. "This will not be allowed.
You took the old man's property, and all that he could save;
You even sold the little lot containing his wife's grave.
I am his son, but not your kin, from now till Judgment Day."
The father clasped the Black Sheep's hand; the crowd then heard him say:

CHORUS

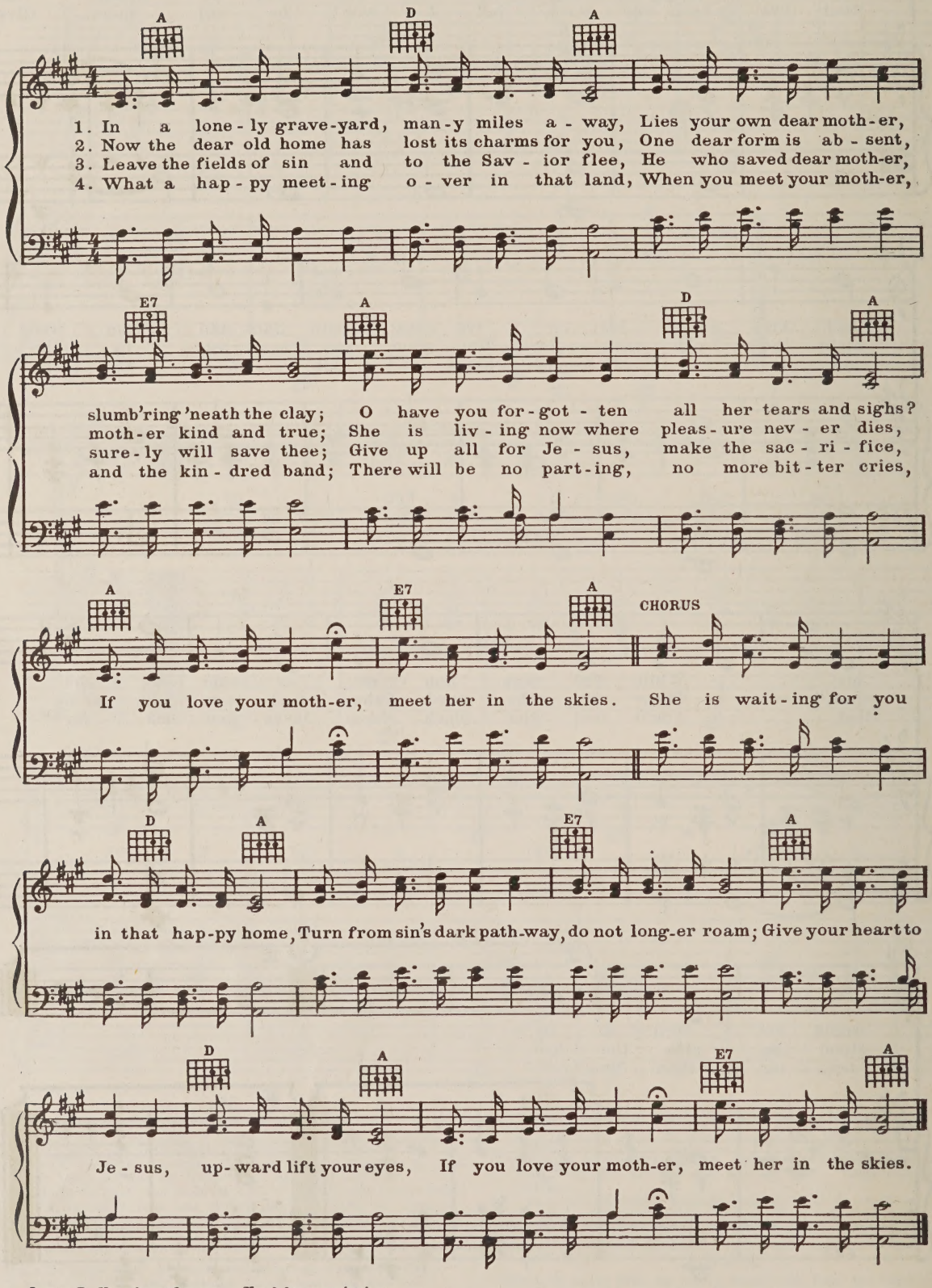
"Don't be angry with me lad; I turned you from my door;
I know that I was foolish; I've repented o'er and o'er;
I wish I had given you my gold, for you have stood the test,
Now I find the Black Sheep loves his dad far better than the rest."

rich and a - ged man whose hairs are few and gray. He
son soon began its work, till Ted was much de - spised. One
that I've been way - ward, but I won't be any more. Give
had three sons, his on - ly ones; both Jack and Tom were
night the old man said, "Be gone, you're heart - less to the
me just an - oth - er chance, and put me to the
sly, While Ted was hon - est as could be, he
core;" These are the words the lad then said, as he
test, You'll find the black sheep loves you dad far
I
II
would not tell a lie.
stood be - side the door:
bet - ter than the rest."
I
II

WILSON
NcU

If You Love Your Mother

By JAMES D. VAUGHAN


A D A
1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your own dear moth-er,
2. Now the dear old home has lost its charms for you, One dear form is ab-sent,
3. Leave the fields of sin and to the Sav-ior flee, He who saved dear moth-er,
4. What a hap-py meet-ing o-ver in that land, When you meet your moth-er,
E7 A D A
slumb'ring 'neath the clay; O have you for-got-ten all her tears and sighs?
moth-er kind and true; She is liv-ing now where pleas-ure nev-er dies,
sure-ly will save thee; Give up all for Je-sus, make the sac-ri-fice,
and the kin-dred band; There will be no part-ing, no more bit-ter cries,
A E7 A CHORUS
If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies. She is wait-ing for you
D A E7 A
in that hap-py home, Turn from sin's dark path-way, do not long-er roam; Give your heart to
D A E7 A
Je-sus, up-ward lift your eyes, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

James D. Vaughan, Owner. Used by permission.

Magpie Maggie

G C A E
VERSE
There's a dame lives down our way, And all she does is talk all day. She
talks so fast you think she's goin' to bust_When she talks she's hav-in' fun But all the
neigh-bors try to run When Mag-pie Mag-gie starts to strut her stuff _ She will
CHO.
talk on a - ny-thing And her tongue has got a sting To es-cape its lash is
sure-ly git-tin' tough_ I would give up all my wealth Just to
hear she had bad health When Mag-pie Mag-gie starts to strut her stuff._

Second Verse—
How the hours seem to drag
When her tongue begins to wag,
You can tell her brain is neatly clogged with rust.
Both her ears are filled with glue
And you wished that yours were too,
When Magpie Maggie starts to strut her stuff.
She has surely got her fill
Of nice gossip fer to spill,
And no one ever seems to call her bluff.
You can thank your lucky day
If you are very far away,
When Magpie Maggie starts to strut her stuff.

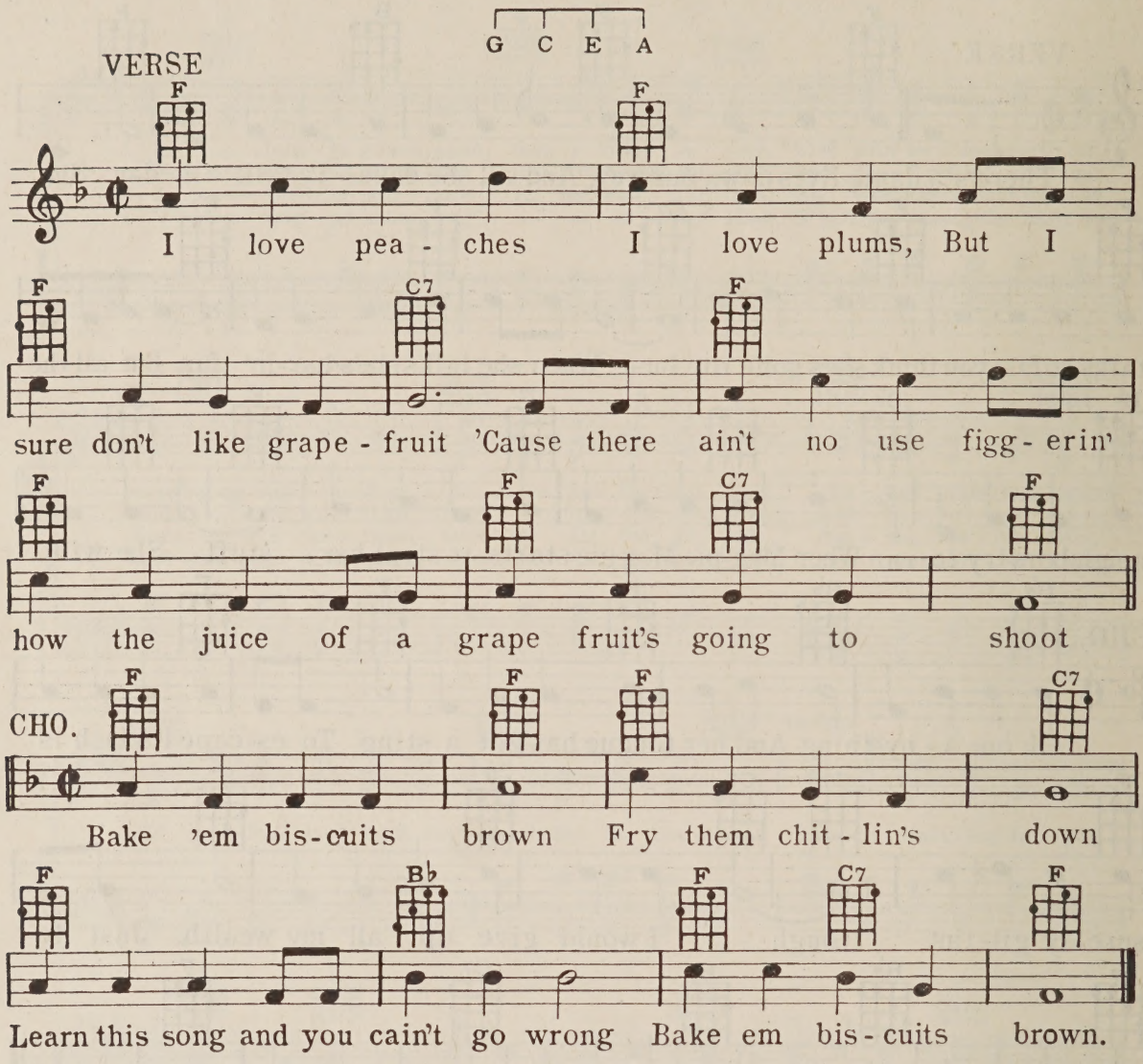
Third Verse—
When she gets out in a crowd
She will talk both fast and loud,
She never seems to know you got enough.
If she lacks in grace and poise
She knows she packs a lot of noise,
When Magpie Maggie starts to strut her stuff.

Once I heard her husband say
She was turning his hair gray,
'Twas mighty hard to keep from getting rough.
When he drives her down the street
Back-seat-driving is her meat,
When Magpie Maggie starts to strut her stuff.

Fourth Verse—

Once she spent a lot of dough,
Went and bought a radio,
Fit it with speaker loud and gruff,
But she had it hauled away
Cause it cramped her style all day,
When Magpie Maggie starts to strut her stuff.
When her car got in a wreck,
Folks all wished she'd broke her neck
She drove into the river from a bluff,
But she broke her jaw instead
So she might as well be dead,
When Magpie Maggie starts to strut her stuff.

Bake 'Em Biscuits Brown


G C E A
VERSE
F F
I love pea - ches I love plums, But I
F C7 F
sure don't like grape - fruit 'Cause there ain't no use figg - erin'
F F C7 F
how the juice of a grape fruit's going to shoot
CHO. F F F C7
Bake 'em bis - cuits brown Fry them chit - lin's down
F B♭ F C7 F
Learn this song and you cain't go wrong Bake em bis - cuits brown.

Second Verse—

The Junebug has a golden crown,
The lightnin' bug totes a flame,
The bedbugs got no flame or crown,
But it gits thar jest the same.
Chorus—The same as First.

Third Verse—

I never saw Ole Sittin' Bull
Who was he anyhow?
They tell me that he had a squaw
Her name was Sittin' Cow.
Chorus—The same as First.

Fourth Verse—

I want to git these shoes soled,
I told shoemaker Pete,
Next day he said he'd sold 'em
To a guy across the street.
Chorus—The same as First.

Fifth Verse—

Stay after school a teacher said
When Joe kissed Sally Wise,
Joe whispered to another kid
It pays to advertise.
Chorus—The same as First.

Old Dan Tucker

G C E A
VERSE
F B♭ F B♭
Old Dan Tuck - er was a fine old man
F B♭ F B♭ F B♭
Washed his face in a fry - in' pan_ Combed his hair with a
F B♭ F B♭ F B♭
wag - gon wheel And died with a tooth-ache in his heel_
CHO. F B♭ C7 F
Clear the track for old Dan Tuck-er, He's too late to get his sup-per
F B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F
Sup-per's o-ver and the dish-es washed Nuth-in' left but a piece of squash.

Second Verse—

Old Dan Tucker went to town,
Ridin' a goat and leadin' a hound,
The hound give a yelp—the goat gave a jump,
Left Old Tucker straddled a stump.
Repeat Chorus.

Third Verse—

Old Dan Tucker climbed up a tree,
Fer his Lord to try to see,
The limb it broke and he did fall,
And he didn't see his Lord at all.
Chorus.

Fourth Verse—

Old Dan Tucker he had a cow,
Went out to milk, but didn't know how,
He tied her fast—set down the pail,
Started pumpin' up and down on the old cow's tail. Sing Chorus.

Fifth Verse—

He pumped on the cow fer an hour and a half,
The ole cow jest stood there and laffed,
A neighbor said to Dan—I think you'd better prime that cow,
So he gave her a drink.
Sing Chorus.

Ride'r Cowboy Ryder

G C E A

VERSE

C C G7 C
Char-lie Ry-der star-ted young to gain his rid-ing fame. His
F C D7 G7 F
birth, they say, was in a berth of a west-bound pull-man train. When the train ar-rived in
C G7 C C C
Che-yenne It took a lot of force to get lit-tle Ry-der in a tax-i-cab He
D7 G7 C D7 D7 D7
said "I want a horse." His old man said the boy must have horse - sense So
D7 D7 G7 CHO. C C F
Ry-der's bust-ed bron-chos ev-er since. The first hoss threw him to the clouds,
C G7 C C C F C D7
Ride her Cow-boy Ry-der. He pawed and he kicked and he snor-ted loud. Ride her Cow-boy
G7 F C G7 G7
Ry-der. As Ry-der star-ted in the air He said to the horse "You stay right there,
C C F C G7 C
I'm com-ing down But I don't know where." Ride her Cow-boy Ry-der.

Second Chorus—

He rode 'em young, he rode 'em old,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
He rode 'em shy, he rode 'em bold,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
He hit one bronco with a quirt,
The way he squealed it musta hurt,
Then he made ole Ryder bite the dirt,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!

Third Chorus—

At a rodeo he drew a prize,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
Ole Ryder reached up fer the skies,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
The horse it bucked and kicked around,
Left the place and he hit the ground
But Ryder says, "I've seen the town,"
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!

Fourth Chorus—

He took an airplane fer a ride,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
A cyclone struck 'em from every side,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
The plane began to rock and toss,
He said "this trip is a total loss,"
I'd git more action from a hoss,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!

Fifth Chorus—

He got onto an eastbound train,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
He searched New York for a horse in vain,
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!
He thought the hotel prices steep,
He said "a merry-go-round is cheap,"
"And a dern site better place to sleep,"
Ride her, Cowboy Ryder!

Red River Valley

Second Verse—

Won't you think of the Valley you're leaving,
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be;
Oh, think of the fond heart you are breaking,
And the grief you are causing me to see.

Third Verse—

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours,
That we spent in Red River Valley,
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

Fourth Verse—

There never could be such a longing,
In the heart of a pure maiden's breast,
That dwells in the heart you are breaking,
As I wait in my home in the West.

Fifth Verse—

Come and sit by my side, if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl that has loved you so true.

It Might Have Been Worse

G C E A
VERSE
F C7 F F7 B♭ B♭ F F7
Abe Lin-coln was a poor boy_ He strug-gled when he was a lad_ But
B♭ B♭ F F G7 G7 C7 C7
he grew up to be Pres-i-dent_ The best one that we e-ver had_ No
CHO.
F F G7 G7 C7 C7
mat-ter how tough it may seem to you Just re-mem-ber it might have been
F F F F G7 G7 G7
worse. When you pay for a ride in a tax-i-cab, Be glad that it
G7 C7 C7 F7 F7 B♭ B♭
is-n't a hearse!_ I know a man full of trou-ble and strife To
G7 G7 C7 C7 F F
feed a large fam-ily he worked all his life That bird should be glad he has
G7 G7 C7 C7 F F
on-ly one wife Re-mem-ber it might have been worse.

Second Chorus—

No matter how tough it may seem to you,
Just remember It Might Have Been Worse.
When the man calls on you—says the rent is due—
Be glad that it isn't a hearse.
Some soft custard pies from a window sill,
Tumbled down on a fellow dressed fit to kill,
But tar is a whole lot stickier still,
Just remember—It Might Have Been Worse.

Third Chorus—

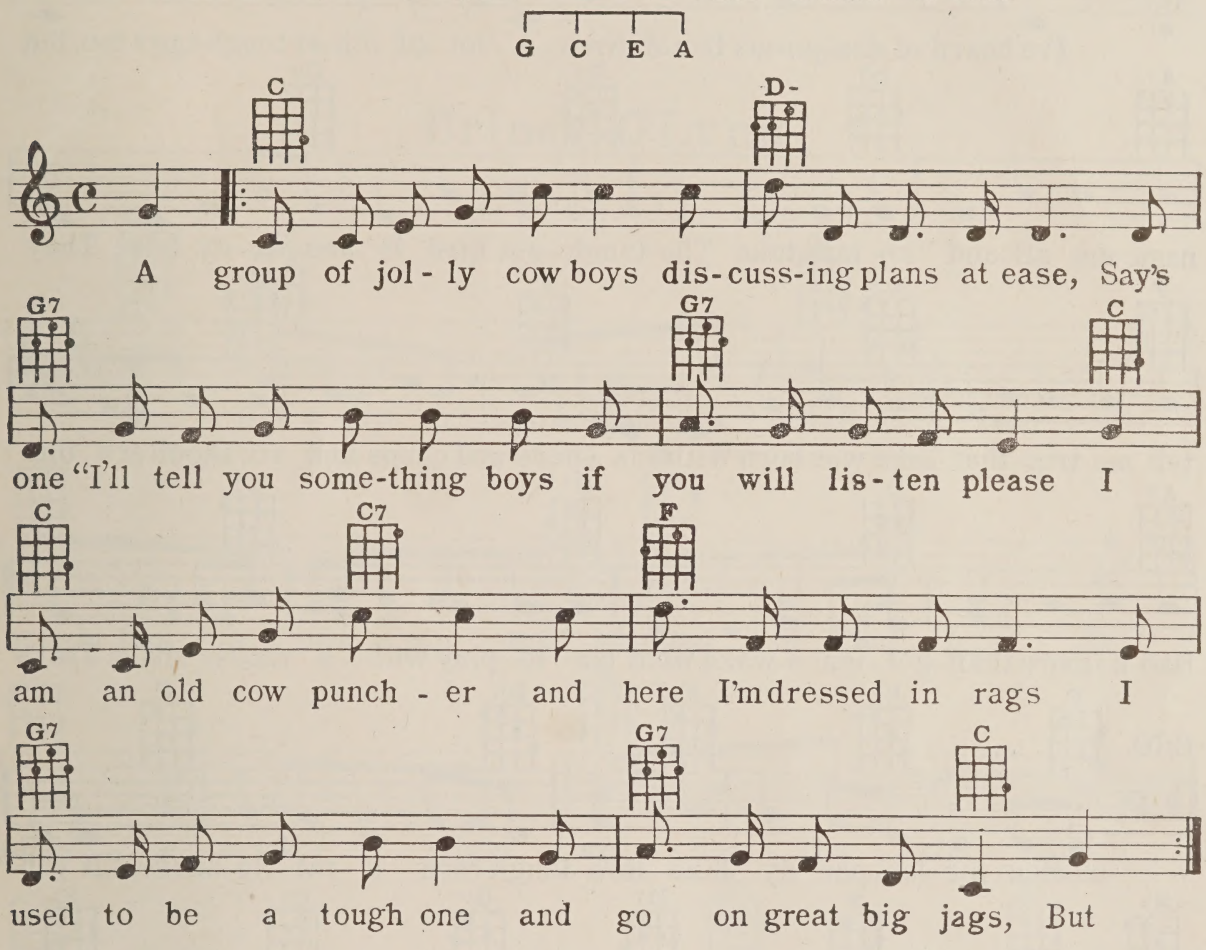
No matter how tough it may seem to you,
Just remember It Might Have Been Worse.
When the fire engine stops at the front of your house
Be glad it isn't a hearse.
An old maid went swimming one summer day,
A bunch of bad boys stole her clothes all away,
But she found a nice barrel along the way,
So remember—It Might Have Been Worse.

Fourth Chorus—

No matter how tough it may seem to you,
Just remember It Might Have Been Worse,
When the bill collector calls on the first of the month,
Be glad that it isn't a hearse.

I hung all my clothes on the clothesline to air,
A goat came along and he picked the line bare,
But he left me my red-flannel underwear,
So remember—It Might Have Been Worse.

When The Work's All Done This Fall


G C E A
C
D-
A group of jol - ly cow boys dis-cuss-ing plans at ease, Say's
G7
G7
C
one "I'll tell you some-thing boys if you will lis-ten please I
C
C7
F
am an old cow punch - er and here I'm dressed in rags I
G7
G7
C
used to be a tough one and go on great big jags, But

Second Verse—

I have got a home boys,
A good one you all know,
Although I haven't seen it since long ago,
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all,
I'm going to see my mother,
When the Work's All Done This Fall.

Third Verse—

After the round-up's over,
After the shippin's done,
I am goin' right straight home, boys,
Ere all my money's gone,
I have changed my ways, boys, no more will I fall,
And I am going home, boys, When the Work's All Done This Fall.

Fourth Verse—

When I left home, boys,
My mother, for me, cried,
Begged me not to go, boys, for me she would have died,
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, that's all,
And with God's help I'll see her, When the Work's All Done This Fall.

Fifth Verse—

That very night, this cowboy went out to stand his guard;
The night was dark and cloudy, and storming very hard;
The cattle herd got frightened and rushed in wild stampede;
The cowboy tried to turn them, riding at full speed.

Sixth Verse—

While riding in the darkness, so loudly did he shout,
Trying hard to head them, and turning the herd about,
His saddle-horse did stumble and on him it did fall,
Now he won't see his mother, When the Work's All Done This Fall.

Jeopardy Jake

G C E A
VERSE
F C7 F C7
I've heard of dan-gerous Dan Mc Grew, A lot of oth-er tough eggs too; But
A7 D7 G7 C7
name em all and no mis-take The tough-est bird is Jeo-par-dy Jake. They
F C7 F C7
tell me true that Jake was born With his spurs and chaps and six shoot-ers on
A7 D7 G7 C7
Had no more than got-ten a-wake Went out to play with a rat-tle snake That's
CHO.
F B♭ F B♭ F
nu-thin' for Jeo-par-dy Jake He's tough-ern a rat-tle-snake. "If you
B♭ F D7 G7 C7 F
bite," Jake said "I'll bite off your head" That's nuth-in' for Jeo-par-dy Jake.

Second Verse—

Heard that Jake was a funny geezer,
Mexico he plugged a greaser,
Tried to arrest him—made him sore,
And he shot about two-hundred more.
Jake started home feelin' all right,
Rode for seven days and for seven nights,
Tried to keep awake but there wasn't no chance,
So he had to put cactus in the seat of his pants.

Chorus—Third Line:—

Shot twenty-one just to have some fun,

Third Verse—

When Jake got home he got in bed,
Mattress was made outa rocks and lead,
Bullet-proof quilts from hem to hem,
But there wasn't no bullet tougher'n him.
Fell asleep he started to snore,
For miles around they heard him roar,
They called out the army and took him to jail,
At a million bucks they fixed his bail.

Chorus—Third Line:—

He laughed when they said you'll hang 'till dead.

Fourth Verse—

They tried to hang him by the head,
  Hung for a week and he wasn't dead,
They put him in the electric chair,
  Wouldn't even scorch his hair.
Took him out into the yard,
  Made him face a firing squad,
Fired ninety-six guns and then Jake said,
  "I'll git indigestion from the lead."

Chorus—Same as First—Third Line Sing:—

They heard him sigh it's the Fourth of July,
  that's nuthin' for Jeopardy Jake.

Briney O'Lynn

G C A E
G7
C
C
O! Bri - ney O' Lynn had no watch to wear He
C
G7
bought him a tur - nip and scooped it out fair He
C
C
placed a crick - et right un - der the skin. "They'll
C
G7
C
think its a tick - in," Said Bri - ney O' Lynn.

Second Verse—

Oh! Briney O'Lynn had no coat to put on,
  He got a goat skin and made him a one,
He placed the horns right under his chin,
  They'll think that they're pistols,
Said Briney O'Lynn.

Third Verse—

Oh! Briney O'Lynn had no pants to wear,
  He took a sheep skin and made him a pair,
The wooley side out and the skinney side in,
  They're fine, cool and pleasant
Said Briney O'Lynn.

Fourth Verse—

Oh! Briney O'Lynn went to take his wife home,
  He had an old horse that was all skin and bone,
He placed her beside him as neat as a pin,
  And then his wife's mother—then Briney O'Lynn

Fifth Verse—

Oh! Briney O'Lynn and his wife and wife's mother,
  They all went over the bridge together,
They bridge broke down and they all tumbled in,
  There's ground at the bottom, said Briney
  O'Lynn.

Hard Luck Bill

G C E A

VERSE
F Bb F C7
Where the grass is short and weeds are tall The sun shines down and the trees are small You
F Bb G7 C7 F
can't find rab-bit's feet at all In the grave-yard dark and still. There are no horse-shoes
Bb F C7 F
out that way. On Fri-day the thir-teenth day of May The stork walked un-der a
Bb F C7 F CHO. F
lad-der they say To bring us Hard Luck Bill. His pants al-ways wore out
F C7 F F F
in the seat, Poor Ole Hard Luck Bill. He bare - ly had e - nough to eat,
G7 C7 C7 C7 F
Poor Ole Hard Luck Bill. He kept on try - in' ev - ery day to get a - head and to
C7 F F F C7 F
make things pay But the hens e-ven ate the eggs they'd lay, Poor Ole Hard Luck Bill.

Second Chorus—

He bought two mules and they both would balk
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.
His cows gave milk as white as chalk,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.
Bought some hogs from Mister Briggs,
Thought he'd sell 'em when they got big,
But the ole hogs ate up all the pigs,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.

Third Chorus—

He stole some cattle, meant no harm,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.
He drove them back to his farm,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.
He kept them 'till they were skin and bone,
They ate up the crops, barely left the loam,
The fence fell down and the cattle went home,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.

Fourth Chorus—
He went to town and got a wife,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.
The first real sunshine of his life,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.
She broke her leg and went to bed
He had to knock her in the head,
She can't starve now because she's dead,
Poor ole Hard Luck Bill.

Four Thousand Years Ago

Second Verse—
I saw Satan when he searched the Garden o'er.
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door,
While the apple they were eating, from the bushes I was peeping,
I can prove that I'm the man who ate the core.

Third Verse—
Queen Elizabeth fell dead in love with me,
We were married in Milwaukee secretly,
Oh, I snuck around and shook her, and I went with General Hooker,
To find mosquitoes down in Tennessee.

Fourth Verse—
I saw Noah when he built his famous Ark
I slipped into it one night when it was dark,
I saw Jonah swallow the whale, and I pulled the lion's tail,
And I crossed the Land of Canaan on a lark.

Fifth Verse—
I saw Cain lead little Abel in the glade,
And I know the game was poker that they played,
I was right there in the shrub, when he killed him with a club,
And I know it was a diamond or a spade.

Sixth Verse—
I helped Brigham Young invent Limburger Cheese,
I taught Solomon his little A B C's,
Oh, I sailed out on the bay, with Methuselah, one day,
And I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze.

Can I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight, Mister?

F C7 F7 F7 F7
Can I sleep in your barn to-night, Mis-ter?__ For it's cold ly-ing
F7 C7 F7 F7 F7
out on the ground,_ And the cold north wind is__
B♭ C7 C7 C7 F
whist-lin'__ And I have no_ place to lie down.

Second Verse—

I have no bag and no matches,
  True and I'll do you no harm,
I will tell you my story, kind Mister,
  Tho' it wrenches my heart like a bone.

Third Verse—

It was three years ago, last summer,
  I ne'er will forget that sad day,
When a stranger drove out from the city,
  For his health and he wanted to stay.

Fourth Verse—

Now the stranger was fair, tall and handsome,
  Looked like a man who had wealth,
And he wanted to stop in the country,
  And he wanted to stop for his health.

Fifth Verse—

Now my wife said she'd like to be earning
  Somethin' to add to our home,
And she talked till I finally decided
  That the stranger could stay in our home.

Sixth Verse—

That night as I came from the workshop,
  Whistling and singing with joy,
I was 'specting a kind-hearted welcome,
  It would be from my wife and my boy.

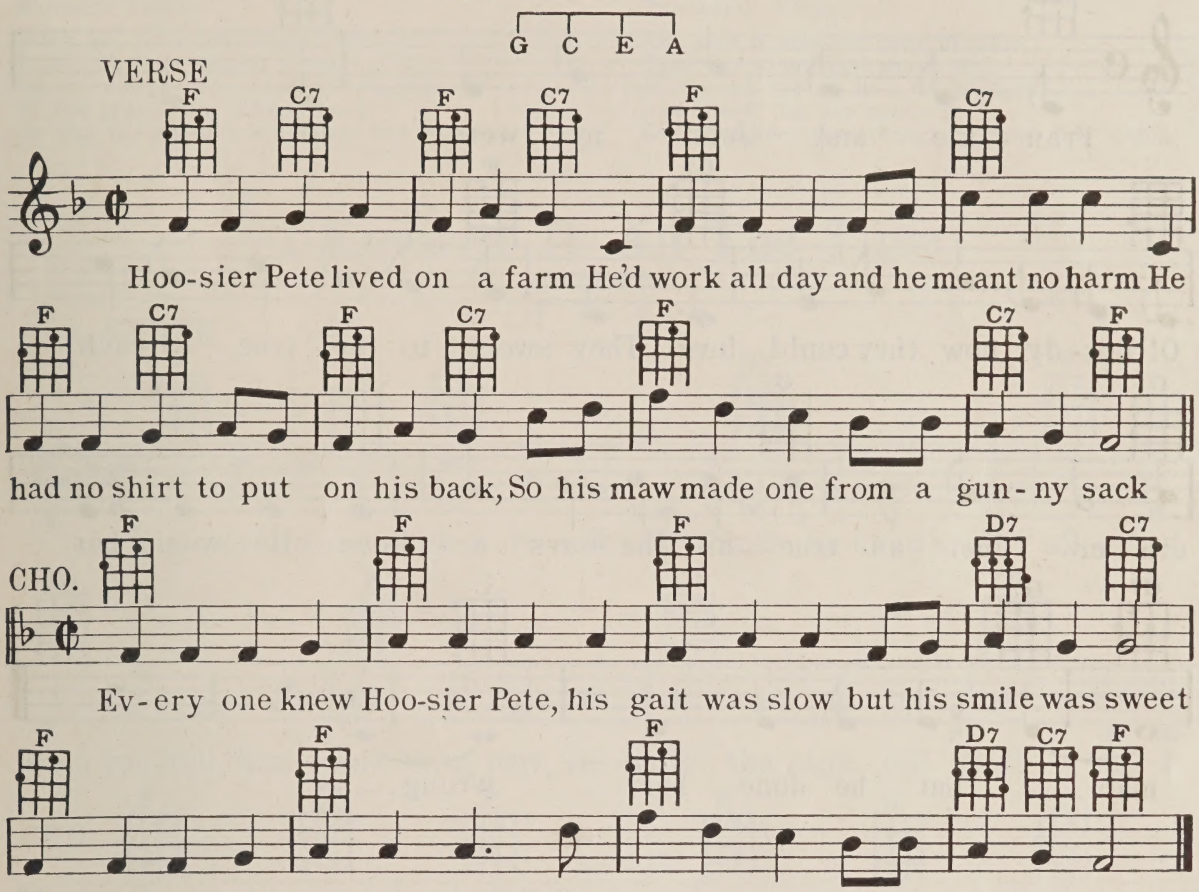
Seventh Verse—

Nuthin' there I find but a letter,
  Placed in the room on a stand,
And the moment my eyes lay upon it,
  I picked it right up in my hand.

Eighth Verse—

Now the note said "Stella and the stranger
  Run away and taken my son,"
Just as true there's a God up in heaven,
  Just as true, this the stranger had done.

Hoosier Pete


G C E A
VERSE
F C7 F C7 F C7
Hoo-sier Pete lived on a farm He'd work all day and he meant no harm He
F C7 F C7 F C7 F
had no shirt to put on his back, So his maw made one from a gun-ny sack
CHO.
F F F D7 C7
Ev-ery one knew Hoo-sier Pete, his gait was slow but his smile was sweet
F F F D7 C7 F
When you wan-ted Hoo-sier Pete You'd al-ways lis-ten for two big feet.

Second Verse—

Hoosier Pete would till the ground,
He weighed two-hundred and forty pound,
He saved his money, every cent,
When he needed pants he'd buy a tent.
Chorus.

Third Verse—

Hoosier Pete never had the blues,
'Till the time rolled around to buy some shoes,
His foot's so big I'll tell you true,
Took a whole cowhide to make each shoe.
Chorus.

Fourth Verse—

Hoosier Pete came into town,
Thought he'd take a look around,
The buildings nearly reached the sky,
He sunburned his tonsils—strained his eyes.
Chorus.

Fifth Verse—

Everyone knew Hoosier Pete,
His gate was slow, but his smile was sweet,
When you wanted Hoosier Pete,
You'd always listen for two big feet.
Chorus.

Sixth Verse—

Ole Pete thought he'd take a chance,
So he spruced up and went to a country dance,
He drank his corn 'till the break of day,
Then they had to haul Ole Pete away.
Chorus.

Frankie And Johnny

G C E A
C
C
Fran - kie and John - ny were lo - vers
C7
F
O! Lor - dy how they could love They swore to be true to each
C
C
A-
oth - er Just as true as the stars a - bove He was her
G7
G7
C
man but he done her wrong.

Second Verse—

Frankie and Johnny went walking,
Johnny had a brand new suit,
Frankie paid a hundred dollars,
Just to make her man look cute,
He was her man—but he done her wrong.

Third Verse—

Johnny said I've got to leave you,
But I won't be very long,
Don't you wait up for me honey,
Nor worry while I'm gone,
He was her man—but he done her wrong.

Fourth Verse—

Frankie went down to the corner,
Stopped in to buy her some beer,
Says to the fat bartender,
Has my Johnny man been here?
He was her man—but he done her wrong.

Fifth Verse—

Well, I ain't going to tell you no story,
Ain't going to tell you no lie,
Johnny went by, 'bout an hour ago,
With a girl named Nellie Blye.
He was your man—but he's doing you wrong.

Sixth Verse—

Frankie went home in a hurry,
She didn't go there for fun,
She hurried home to get a hold
Of Johnny's shootin' gun,
He was her man—but he's doin' her wrong.

Seventh Verse—

Frankie took a cab at the corner,
Says "Driver, step on this can."
She was just a desperate woman,
Gettin' two-timed by her man,
He was her man—but he's doin' her wrong.

Eighth Verse—

Frankie got out at South Clark Street,
Looked in a window so high,
Saw her Johnny man a lovin' up
That high brown Nellie Blye.
He was her man—but he's doin' her wrong.

Ninth Verse—

Johnny saw Frankie a comin'
Out the back door he did scoot,
But Frankie took aim with her pistol,
And the gun went a root-a-toot-too.
He was her man—but he done her wrong.

Tenth Verse—

Oh roll me over so easy,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over so easy boys,
Cause my wounds they hurt me so.
I was her man—but I done her wrong.

Eleventh Verse—

Bring out your long black coffin,
Bring out your funeral clo'es,
Johnny's gone and cashed his checks,
To the grave-yard Johnny goes.
He was her man—but he done her wrong.

Twelfth Verse—

Drive out your rubber tired carriage,
Drive out your rubber tired hack,
There's twelve men going to the grave-yard,
And eleven coming back.
He was her man—but he done her wrong.

Thirteenth Verse—

The sheriff arrested poor Frankie,
Took her to jail that same day,
He locked her up in a dungeon cell,
And threw the key away,
She shot her man—though he done her wrong.

I Knowed It All The Time

G C E A
VERSE
F F7 B♭ F
Win - dy John-son likes to talk He thinks he knows it all And
B♭ F G7 C7
when you tell him some-thing new He pulls the same old stall Oh, I
CHO.
F C7 F F C F
knowed it all the time Oh, I knowed it all the time, A
F B♭ F F C7 F
coat of paint wont keep you warm Oh, I knowed it all the time

Second Verse—

The tide was out when he bought land,
Down at a beach resort,
You see he bought it by the foot
And sold it by the quart.

Chorus.

Oh, I Knowed It All The Time,
Oh, I Knowed It All The Time,
There ain't no beer in beering sea,
I Knowed It All The Time.

Third Verse—

He thought he'd be a sailor boy
Upon the bounding main,
He fell into the ocean,
Got water on his brain.

Chorus. Third line of chorus:

A dog fish never raises pups— otherwise as in first chorus.

Fourth Verse—

He went into a store
And bought his wife a new fur coat,
But when she wore it 'bout a week
It turned into a goat.

Chorus. Third line of chorus.

A porcupine won't give you pork—otherwise as in first chorus.

Bury Me Out On The Prairie

G F E A
C F C C F F
Now, I've got no use for the wom - en A true one may sel-dom be
C C F F C C
found They use a man for his mon - ey When it's
G7 G7 G7 G7 C F
gone they'll turn him down They're all a - like at the
C C F F C C F
bot - tom Sel-fish and grasp-ing for all They'll stay by a
F C C G7 G7 C C
man while he's win - ning And laugh in his face at his fall.

Second Verse—

My pal was an honest young puncher,
Honest and upright and true,
But he turned to a hard cheatin' gunman,
On account of a girl named Lou.
He fell in with evil companions,
The kind that are better off dead,
When the gambler insulted her picture,
He filled him full of lead.

Third Verse—

All thru the long night they trailed him,
Thru mesquite and thick chaparrel,
And I couldn't help think of the woman,
As I saw him pitched and fall.
If she'd been a pal that she should have,
He might have been raising a son,
Instead of out there on the prairie
To die by the rangers' gun.

Fourth Verse—

Death's sharp sting did not trouble,
His chances for life were too slim,
But where they were putting his body,
Was all that worried him.
He lifted his head on his elbow,
The blood from his wounds flowed red,
He gazed at his pals grouped about him,
As he whispered to them and said.

Fifth Verse—

Oh Bury Me Out on the Prairie,
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave,
Bury Me Out on the Prarie,
But from them my bones please save.
Wrap me up in my blankets,
And bury me deep in the ground,
Cover me over with boulders,
Of granite, gray and round.

Sixth Verse—

So we buried him out on the prairie,
Where the coyotes can howl o'er his grave,
And his soul is now a restin'
From the unkind cut she gave.
And many another young puncher,
As he rides past that pile of stone,
Recalls some similar woman,
And thinks of his mouldering bones.

That Little Ole Muckle-dunn Mare

G C E A
C F C F C
I nev-er had much mon-ey I al-ways had lots of time Un-
F C D7 G7 C
less I was tight the night be-fore I'm al-ways feel - in' fine I
F C F C
ne-ver cared for wim - men, Nor a real pal a - ny-where But the
F C D7 G7 C
tru-est friend I e - ver had Was that lit - tle ole muck-el-dun mare.

Second Verse—

Dad bought her when a filly,
And I learned how to ride,
And whether I was up or down,
She stuck right by my side.
I rode into a swarm of bees,
They stung me everywhere,
I never could have got out alive,
Without the Little Ole Muckledun Mare.

Third Verse—

The day I fell in the river,
My chances were mighty slim,
No one there to save me.
And I didn't know how to swim.
The mare was over in the pasture,
She jumped right over the fence,
Waded in clean up to her ears,
Pulled me out by the seat of my pants.

Fourth Verse—

When I left home to go to war,
The folks were mighty sad,
I couldn't take the Muckledun Mare,
So I left her home with dad.

In France we were nearly starvin',
Our last bean we had stewed,
When who walked in but the Muckledun Mare,
She had captured a load of food.

Fifth Verse—

When the captain heard about it,
He just stood there and swore,
To think of a hundred million people,
A horse had won the war.
They pinned a medal on her,
And everyone acclaimed,
That the Muckledun Mare and Joan of Arc
Are histories greatest names.

Sixth Verse—

Now you folks have heard my story,
And I trust you believe it too,
For what could I hope to gain
If I should lie to you.
I could tell you lots of other things,
If I thought you'd really care,
I hear she's runnin' for Governor,
This little Ole Muckledun Mare.

Chewing Gum

G C A E
VERSE
F C7 F F
I once did know the fair-est girl that ev-er you did see I
F C7 C7 F
tru-ly thought she'd be my wife For she dear-ly did love me Oh she
CHO.
F B♭ F F B♭ F
dear-ly did love me Oh she dear-ly did love me I
F C7 C7 F
tru-ly thought she'd be my wife For she dear-ly did love me.

Second Verse—

She was a sweet and simple maid,
She never had no chum,
And her one and only vice,
She's fond of chewing gum.

Chorus.

Oh she's fond of chewing gum,
Oh she's fond of chewing gum,
And her one and only vice
She's fond of chewing gum.

Third Verse—

Took her to a ball one night
Thought she'd have some fun,
When the band began to play,
She stood and chawed her gum.

Chorus.

She stood and chawed her gum,
Stood and chawed her gum,
When the band began to play,
Stood and chawed her gum.

Fourth Verse—

I introduced her to a friend,
But thought she was quite dumb,
She never said a single word,
Just stood and chawed her gum.

Chorus.

Oh she stood and chawed her gum,
Oh she stood and chawed her gum,
She never said a single word,
Stood and chawed her gum.

Fifth Verse—

I proposed and she accepted,
The weddin' day had come,
When the preacher came to tie the knot,
Her mouth was full of gum.

Chorus.

Oh her mouth was full of gum,
Oh her mouth was full of gum,
When the preacher came to tie the knot,
Her mouth was full of gum.

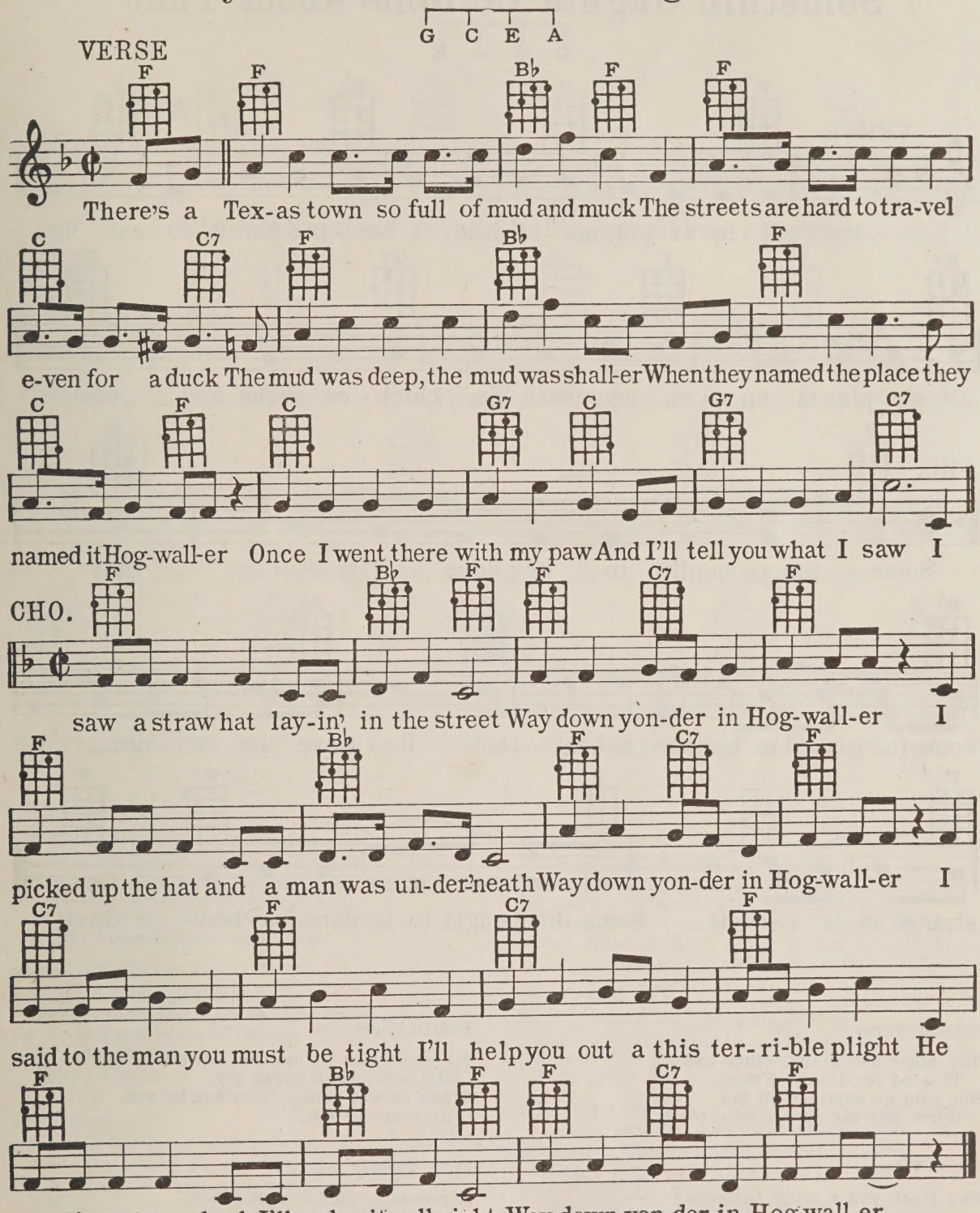
Sixth Verse—

I turned and ran away disgusted,
And went off on a bum,
Swore I'd never marry a girl,
Who's fond of Chewing Gum.

Chorus.

Who's fond of Chewin' Gum,
Who's fond of Chewin' Gum,
Swore I'd never marry a girl,
Who's fond of Chewin' Gum.

Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller


G C E A
VERSE
There's a Tex-as town so full of mud and muck The streets are hard to tra-vel
e-ven for a duck The mud was deep, the mud was shall-er When they named the place they
named it Hog-wall-er Once I went there with my paw And I'll tell you what I saw I
CHO.
saw a straw hat lay-in' in the street Way down yon-der in Hog-wall-er I
picked up the hat and a man was un-der-neath Way down yon-der in Hog-wall-er I
said to the man you must be tight I'll help you out a this ter-ri-ble plight He
said I'm on horse-back I'll make it all right Way down yon-der in Hog-wall-er.

Second Chorus—

The folks all live on turtle meat,
Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller.
The turkeys and chickens have grown webfeet,
Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller.
The town's up-to-date for some galoot,
Fixed a new-fangled place for golf to shoot,
But they all have to play in a divin' suit,
Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller.

Third Chorus—

The houses and barns are pontoon built,
Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller.
The stork even has to walk on stilts,
Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller.
Paw lost his false teeth on the village green,
They seined for a week and they still weren't seen,
So they had to send for a submarine,
Way Down Yonder In Hogwaller.

Somethin' Oughta Be Done About That

G C A E
VERSE
F F B♭ F
My gal in-vi-ted me to dine, I went pre-pared to eat But
B♭ F G7 C7
all she placed up - on my plate Was chick - en necks and feet
CHO. F F
Some - thing ought to be done a - bout that
B♭ F B♭
Some-thing ought to be done a-bout that Be - lieve it or not_
F D7 F C7 F
strange as it seems_ Some-thing ought to be done a-bout that.

Second Verse—

The other day grandmother had
To send for Doctor Keith,
She said grandfather bit her
When she sat on his false teeth.

Third Verse—

Can I sell you a small bathrobe?
I asked little Herman Kraus,
He said—I never wear one,
There's no bathtub in our house.

Fourth Verse—

My uncle had his ups and downs,
He never knew much joy,
When he was young—they say he was
An elevator boy.

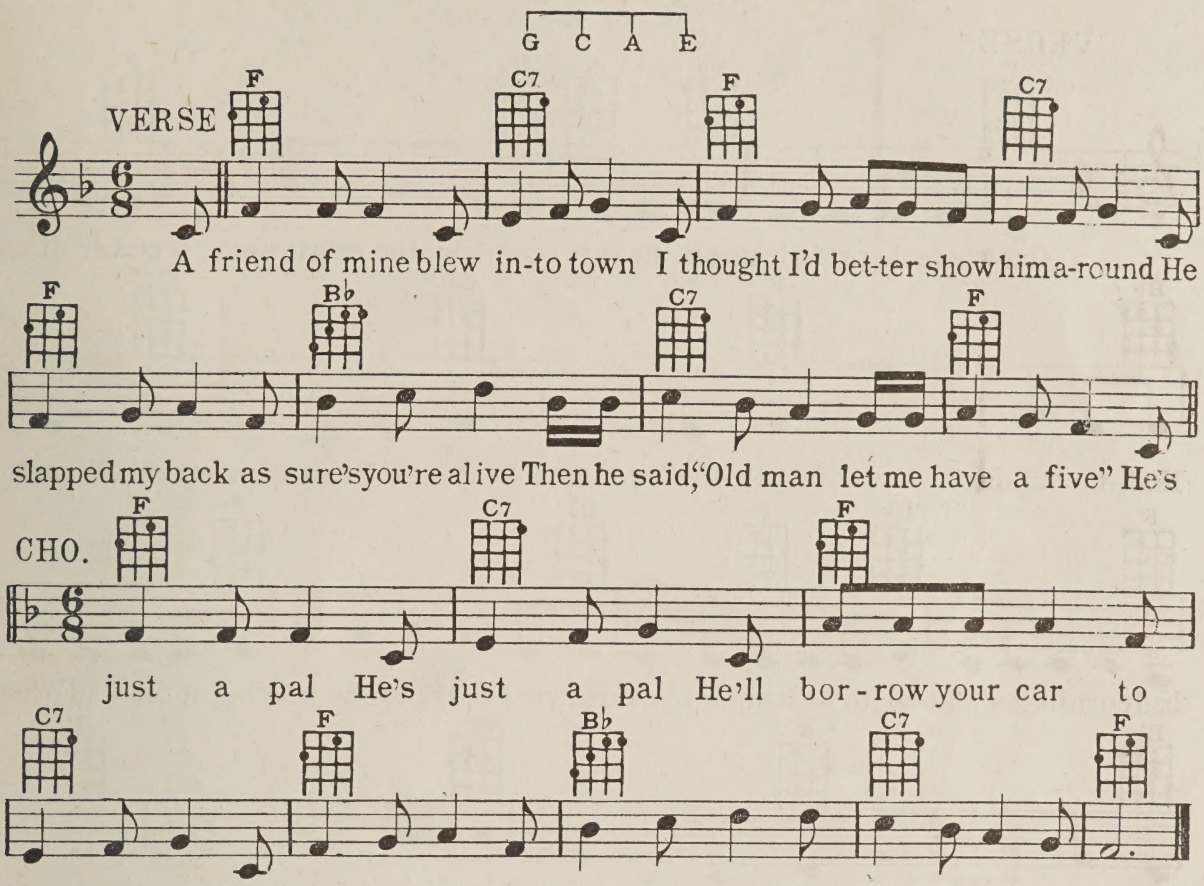
Fifth Verse—

A porous plaster is your friend,
I'll say it's staunch and true,
It sticks and sticks and sticks and sticks,
And sticks and sticks to you.

Sixth Verse—

An old maid died and in her bustle,
They made quite a find,
They found five thousand dollars,
That's a lot to leave behind.

He's Just A Pal


G C A E
VERSE
F C7 F C7
A friend of mine blew in-to town I thought I'd bet-ter show him a-round He
F B♭ C7 F
slapped my back as sure's you're a live Then he said, "Old man let me have a five" He's
CHO.
F C7 F
just a pal He's just a pal He'll bor-row your car to
C7 F B♭ C7 F
steal your gal He's goin' to stay for quite some time He's just a pal of mine.

Second Verse—

He went out home with me one night,
I thought He'd really do me right,
He did—the shoes he wore were bad,
So he took the best pair that I had,
(Talk) I'm goin' barefooted now.

Second Chorus—

Just a pal—He's just a Pal,
Borrow your clothes and date your gal,
He always gits home in time to dine,
He's just a Pal of mine.

Note: Talk—If you eat slow, you're outo' luck too.

Third Verse—

He stayed all night and took my bed,
For all he cared I could just play dead,
When I tried to sleep upon the floor,
You should have heard that baby snore.

Note. Talk—Sounded more like an earthquake.

Third Chorus—

Just a Pal—He's just a Pal,
Borrow your car to steal your gal,
Drank all my home-brew—says it FINE,
He's just a Pal o' mine.

Note: Talk—To drink that much he must have a holler leg.

Fourth Verse—

He goes with me wherever I go,
Never seems to have any dough,
He could out-fumble the CINCY REDS,
When he pays a check then I'll drop DEAD.

Note: Talk—You've heard of the seven wonders—that would be the eighth.

Fourth Chorus—

Just a Pal—He's Just a Pal,
Borrow your money to treat your gal,
He says "I'm regular—ain't that fine,"
He's just a Pal of Mine.

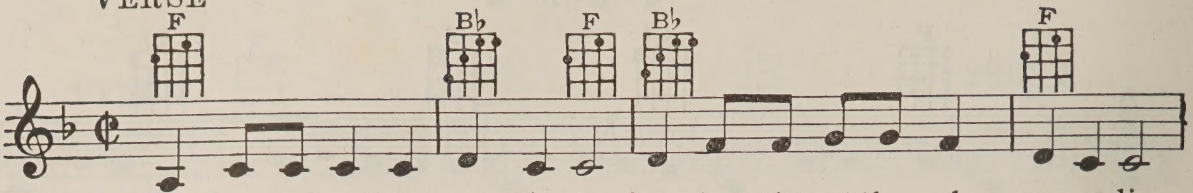
Note: To the tune of DEAR OLD PAL O' MINE sing the following chorus:

Oh, how I miss you dear old pal o' mine,
With a brick I'll kiss you,
That's when I'll feel fine,
Great big hands suppress you,
With a club caress you,
Oh, how I'll MESS you, dear old Pal O' Mine.

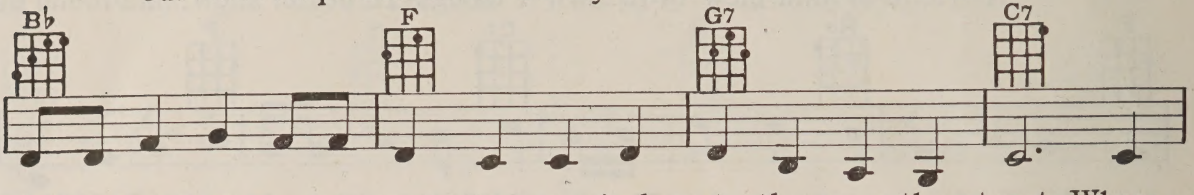
Yodelin' Pete

G C E A

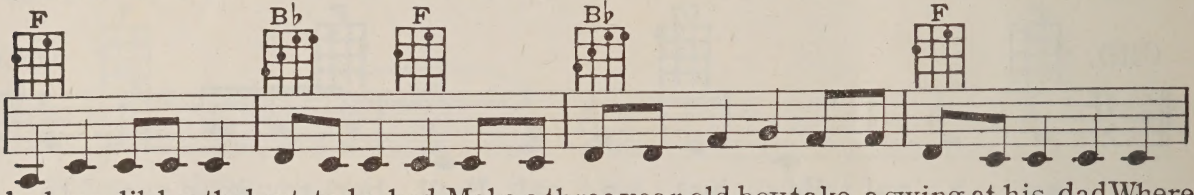
VERSE



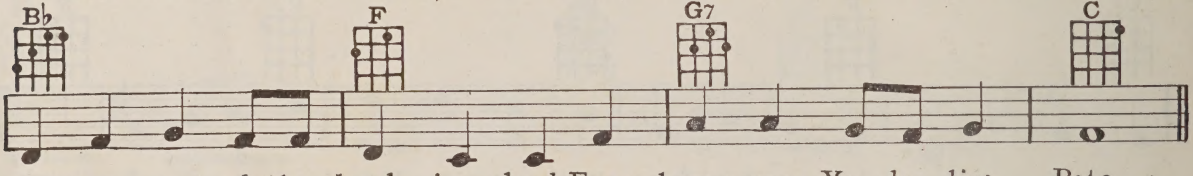
Out where the prai-rie meets the sky Out where the rat-tle-snakes ne-ver die



Nuth-in' but dust e-ver meets the eye And cat - tle roam the street Where

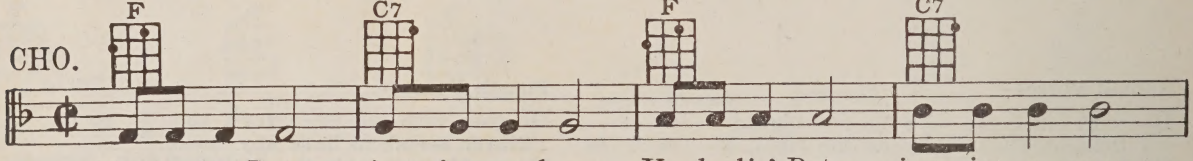


bad corn lik-ker the best to be had, Make a three year old boy take a swing at his dad Where

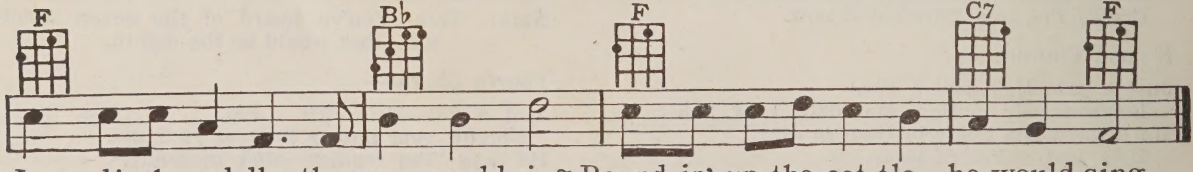


men are men and the plumb - in's bad From here comes Yo - de - lin' Pete

CHO.



Yo-de-lin' Pete swing - in' a - long Yo-de-lin' Pete sing - in' a song



Jumped in the sad-dle the spurs would ring Round-in' up the cat-tle he would sing.

Note:—Sing the first two lines of Ti-Yi-Yippe with Yodel.

Second Chorus—

Yodelin' Pete went to town,
Minstrel show came around,
Perched up in college row,
Sittin' on high,
Heard Robert Emmett sing a lullaby.
Note: Sing—"Sleep Baby Sleep" with Yodel.

Third Chorus—

Yodelin' Pete yearned for knowledge,
Yodelin' Pete learned at College,
How to neck, write checks, en' everything,
And a brand new tune for him to sing.
Note: Sing—"That's How My Money Goes" with Yodel.

Fourth Chorus—

Yodelin' Pete yodeled so
He landed in a broadway show,
He wails every night till half-past-three,
To different chorus-gal on his knee.
Note: Sing—"Saint Louie Blues" with Yodel.

Fifth Chorus—

Yodelin' Pete made a name,
Yodelin' Pete had lots o'fame,
His own night club, plenty of dough,
You hear him on the RADIO.
Note: Sing—Any popular number, and finish same with "THAT'S YODELIN' PETE."